In VANITY FAIR of Aug. 24, will appear the Fifth Part of a Terrifically Thrilling Tale, written by one of the greatest undeveloped geniuses of the age, entitled

"THE FAIR INEZ; OR, THE LONE LADY OF THE CRIMSON CLIFFS."

A TALE OF THE SEA,

To be continued through Several Numbers. Newsmen will please send in their orders.

VOL. 4. NO. 86.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUG. 17,

1861.

Member of Cong·ess.—AH! MAJOR GENERAL MCCLELLAN, I HAVE A FRIEND HERE, I WISH YOU TO KNOW.—MAKE A CAPITAL BRIGADIER GENERAL—FIRST-RATE MILITIA GENERAL—SPLENDID POLITICIAN—CARRIED HIS COUNTY FOR OLD ABE BY A BIG MAJORITY. YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF HIM—GENERAL POLITICAL HACK.

General McC.—YES, SIR—DON'T WANT HIM, SIR, AT ANY PRICE—HAD ENOUGH OF THAT STYLE ALREADY.

☞ See "VANITY FAIR to the Public," for Terms of Subscription, etc., on Second Page.

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 9, 1860.

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I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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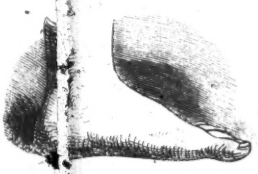

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XUM

THE FAIR INEZ:

—OR—

THE LONE LADY OF THE CRIMSON CLIFFS.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

EDITED BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER X.—THE ENGAGEMENT.

The piratical fleet gradually surrounded the Jane Gray.

O'MULLIGAN's object was to deal gently with the erring Unionists.

He simply desired to confiscate their ship and its cargo and kill the crew with masked batteries. If in the enthusiasm of the moment some of his chivalric followers should mangle and cut up a few of the dead Unionists and rob them of their clothes and watches, it was something that he could not avert. All O'MULLIGAN wanted was to be let alone.

His men were all hightoned gentlemen, with original ideas about statesmanship and honor; whereas the Unionists were greasy mechanics, low-lived, spivelling farmers, base laborers, gibbering and puling lovers of the aromatic African, d—d mercantile persons.

The idea of coming in contact with these disgusting creatures was so repugnant to O'MULLIGAN's magnificent mind, that he conceived the ingenious expedient of fighting them with masked batteries, where he could not smell them, or have his garments soiled by them, or breathe an atmosphere made putrid by their pestilential breaths.

O'MULLIGAN believed that if the admission to Heaven was reduced to twenty-five cents per head, the people of New England would want to pay in tin-ware or produce.

It was very clear to the minds of O'MULLIGAN'S men that WM. LLOYD GARRISON was King of Boston, and that his subjects secreted fugitive niggers in Bunker Hill monument, and went to the Museum arrayed in white chokers; while it was notorious that GREELEY'S sole object in hurling the grand federal army upon Richmond was to free all the slaves, and put all the whites to death by sticking red hot iron things into them.

Their newspaper organs teemed with intelligence of this pleasing and probable character, which the buccaneers swallowed as readily as they did their juleps and cocktails. And newspapers cannot lie, as those of my readers who can read print very well know.

"*Probono cui bono et id omne verbatim ad captandum ad libitum ipse dixit nolle prosequi!*" shouted O'MULLIGAN, in Latin, to the Jane Gray.

"*Never!*" replied Captain WRIGHT, in a voice of thunder. "Never, sir, while there's a drop of blood in these veins! I'm no such a character."

"Bully boy with the wax nose!" exclaimed a seaman, delighted at this unmistakeable evidence of stamina.

"*N'importe blasé eau d'vie qui vie recherché!*" cried O'MULLIGAN, in pure Canadian French.

"No, sir, I won't do that, neither!" replied Captain WRIGHT, drawing himself up to his full height.

"*Swei ine Guttenberg pong-bom-bum!*" said O'MULLIGAN, this time in the sweet and dreamy German tongue.

"You lie!" cried Captain WRIGHT; "and I favor you in that remark, for I think you'll steal."

O'MULLIGAN, desiring to awe the base plebeian with his scholastic attainments, then addressed him in Spanish—the stately language in which he had sworn at his grandmother in boyhood's sunny hours. "Won't yez be afther surrinderin' the bo-at, yer dirthy spalpane?"

"Not if I can help it," was the graceful reply.

"Let me talk to that man," said the sagacious pirate, whose disorderly and reprehensible conduct it has been our painful duty to notice before.

"I think I can fix him. I will dazzle him with a magnificent burst of wit—my last great conundrum. My Northern seafaring friend, with an uncontrollable passion for trading in apple-sass and tin pots, ahoy!" shrieked the sagacious pirate, mounting the hencoop; "can you tell me why——"

"Down, slave!" cried O'MULLIGAN, black with rage; "is this ship a floating asylum for idiots?"

"Let him speak!" said all the men; and the chief, fearing mutiny if he proceeded farther, relapsed into a state of scowling silence.

"You can't browbeat me, sir, if your sister is cross-eyed!" said the sagacious pirate, with an air of triumph.

The chief recoiled before this splendid sarcasm, crushed utterly for the time being. The sagacious pirate then proceeded with his great original conundrum: "Why is JEFF. DAVIS when he rides to Bull Run in an open four white horse barouche from Richmond, and pauses on the hillside to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and sees the epidemic—I mean the panic—and laughs in a sardonic manner, and thinks he will soon have Honest Old ABE in his clutches where he can't tell people any more little stories—why is he like a young girl who attends a fancy dress funeral in the character of a sylph, and floats hither and thither like some light gondola in a sea of liquid silver? ANSWER: Because, *The rose that all are praising is not the rose for me!*"

Flushed with triumph, the sagacious pirate descended from the hencoop, but only to gaze upon a ghastly, a terrible spectacle. The entire ship's crew had fainted long ere he finished the great but subtle conundrum, and were lying stretched upon the deck as though they were dead.

"This it is to be a humorist!" cried the sagacious pirate, in tones of fearful agony, wringing his hands and sobbing wildly, "Let the writers for the comic monthlies and Sunday papers take warning by my fate!"

The entire fleet—for the crews of the other pirate ships had also swooned—thus became an easy prize to the Jane Gray.

"We must board you," said Captain WRIGHT, as he approached the flagship.

"All right," replied the sagacious pirate, "but you must find lights."

"I tell you I shall board you!" said Captain WRIGHT, sternly, standing in the stern of the boat.

"I understand you. You will board me for $3.50 a week, and do my washing? I generally have about two pieces in the wash per week, to wit: a shirt and a drawer."

Captain WRIGHT staggered wildly—he pressed his hands to his burning temples—his eyes glared frenziedly—white froth stood upon his lips!

"This it is to be a humorist!" cried the sagacious pirate, weeping afresh.

Captain WRIGHT soon recovered and boarded the vessel. The pirates were put in chains, and the fleet was headed for the United States.

The next day the pirates waited upon Captain WRIGHT in a body.

"What is all this?" asked that officer.

"We hear you are going to New York!" said O'MULLIGAN.

"Well, sir!"

"We are come to respectfully but most earnestly to ask you not to go to New York."

"Why?"

"BARNUM is in New York, sir. We don't want to be exhibited with WILLIAM TILLMAN, who killed three pirates, sir."

"If he kills old BARNUM, as I rather suspect he will," said the sagacious pirate, "that will make four he's killed."

This happy conceit pleased the sagacious pirate and he smiled sweetly. Captain WRIGHT, however, regarded the pirate's remark as a piece of hideous levity, and reprimanded him severely; but he could not be deaf to O'MULLIGAN'S touching appeal, and the fleet was ordered to be headed for New Jersey.

The Author of THE FAIR INEZ has received several letters, complaining of what the writers are pleased to term inconsistencies in the plot and incidents of this romance. (One of these correspondents, who mailed his letter in Mississippi, mentions having inclosed a three-cent piece. The letter reached me safely, but I regret to say that the three-cent piece was absent. A sad commentary on the postal system of the Southern Confederacy.) I treat these letters with the contempt they so richly deserve. These correspondents doubtlessly think they could write a better story than this. Perhaps they could. I know *I* could, if I wanted to. One correspondent—a fellow of very indifferent character, I imagine—says that he could write a better story than THE FAIR INEZ with his hands and ankles securely manacled, and have his meals sent to him from a cheap eating-house at that. Another fellow, who is evidently grossly ignorant of Scandinavian literature, remarks that he could dip a molasses-colored tom-cat in a pan of ink, and by "snaking" him over a few sheet of foolscap, produce a much better story than THE FAIR INEZ. Another fellow, of brutish instincts, no doubt, wants to know if the author of this romance wouldn't do better in his regular avocation of shoemaking than in writing romances. Another low-minded person begs me to return to Poughkeepsie, where he says I was doing well white-washing barn-doors, and not seek to gain a name by writing stories. He also ventures the assertion that INEZ is "shaky." These things do not disturb me. Oh not at all. It is ever thus with genius. Twenty cities claimed HOMER dead through which the living HOMER could not get trusted for a drink. Nor do I forget that TASSO was refused admittance at the free lunches.

But I have set these men who sneer at my talents down as sympathisers with the South, if not Secessionists outright, and I warn them to leave the country, as an outraged people will not stand this sort of thing, but on the contrary will arise in its majesty and put down this sort of thing.

(To be Continued.)

A LAMENT.

BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE COCKTAIL GUARD, LATE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Hic—hic—
(I ne'er was drunk upon my word)
Hic—hic—
Hic jacet, now, my bloodless sword,
And I
(O my!)
Who yesterday the Cock-tail Guard
Did head,
Am dead,
Dead, dead, with not a member scarred,
Nor feathered, sir, nor even tarred.

Hic—hic—
I hiccup in my grave to think,
Hic—hic—
That cock-tail more man may not drink
For fear,
(O dear!)
'Twill call to mind—Great Heaven I choke—
The "C.
T. G."
O'er which ne'er rolled a puff of smoke
Save from my pipe—and that is broke.

Hic—hic—
(O hear me Governor HICKS)
Hic—hic—
Hic jacet, now, my bloodless sword,
And I
(O my!)
Who yesterday the Cock-tail Guard
Did head,
Am dead,
Dead, dead, with not a member scarred,
Dead as the Philadelphia Bard.

G. J.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

REFERRING to our HARDEE of last week, the reader and the rider will find that something was to be said respecting the trot bare-backed, and the art of keeping the seat in that graceful exercise.

On this subject, then, our opinion is that pitching the side of the pantaloons next the horse is the only certain method by which firmness of seat can be secured. It is clear that if a recruit is well pitched on to his horse, there must be all the less danger of his being pitched off.

Almost any kind of pitch will answer this purpose; except, perhaps, concert pitch, which contains too great a proportion of rosin, as a general thing.

When the recruit has conquered for himself the reputation of a Fast man, or, in other words, a man who will stick *on* anything, and *at* nothing, the riding-master will promote him to the pigskin—that being the professional term for a saddle, on account of the material of which it is composed.

The proper length of the stirrup-leather has long been a notable question to stir up controversy in the riding-school.

Some teachers advocate the use of very long leathers, on the principle that the nearer a rider gets his foot to the ground, the shorter distance he has to fall.

Others prefer the short stirrup-leather. This is with a view to distribution of weight—the advocates of the principle asserting that the shorter a horseman rides the longer his horse will carry him.

Like all "vexed questions," this one has been the cause of much bickering among professors of the equestrian art; so that, between the long stirrup-leather and the short stirrup-leather, many a man has come to the ground.

A shoulder-hitting monk of the dark ages, writing on this very subject, says—"*In medio tutissimus ibis*;" the literal meaning of which is, that extremes in stirrup-leathers, as in other things, are apt to be attended with disastrous results—which is the long and the short of it.

Having got his recruit into the saddle, then, and adjusted him to stirrup-leathers of the compromise quality, the riding-master will urge the horse to a trot, instructing his pupil to sit out the lecture as much as possible without rising in his stirrups.

"The less a dragoon rises in his stirrups," says a great writer on cavalry tactics, (the present writer,) "the more likely will he be to rise in his profession."

But, above all things, the riding-master must see that many copies of each latest issue of VANITY FAIR be conspicuously posted upon the walls of the riding-school, with the HARDEE department outermost, so that they who ride may read.

Superior Numbers.

Not very long ago, the Southern papers were deriding the Figure that our "hireling Irish" soldiers would make in battle. We can now furnish them with the exact Figure, which we fancy the Rebels will not soon forget. It is:

69!

Great Nautical Feat.

The Feet of the dandy tars of the *Jerome Napoleon*, encased as they are, in those neat white slippers.

A Fatal Oversight.

Colonel BERDAN'S sight over a Minie rifle.

A Lying Extra.

Extra BILLY SMITH.

The Dream of the Army Contractor.

Old HUCKLEBURY, the Army Contractor, lay snoozily back in his chair,
After a sumptuous dinner, such as became a millionaire.
Wines were upon the table, gathered from sundry foreign lands,
A vulgar splendor of bottles bearing curious trade-marks and brands.

At first his dream was auriferous: he fancied himself afloat,
Hauling up gold-fish, hand over hand, into a rose-wood boat;
And as the fishes went flippety-flop among the ebony thwarts,
Their scales in yellow dollars flew off, and he pocketed them by quarts.

But, lo! a distressing circumstance alloyed the bliss of his dream,
His clothes were turned into army cloth, and they gaped at every seam;
And the golden dollars fell clinkety-clank from tattered trowsers and coat,
And, where they fell, they burned round holes through the bottom of the boat.

Then, as the old Army Contractor sank, with a shriek, into the deep,
He felt the grasp of a skeleton hand that doubled him into a heap,
And he heard the croak of a skeleton voice—"Look here, old HUCKLEBUR-EE,
You never was born to be drown-ded, so come along with me!

"I am the bones of a soldi-er, as died in the sickly camp,
Reduced by the pizenous food and the clothes that didn't keep out the damp;
Likeways the sperrits that to us was sarved, worse liquor never I see;
The thirst was on me—I drank it, and died—and now you must drink with me!"

And then it brandished its bony hands, that skeleton yellow and dry,
Making the vitriolic parts of a deadly cock-tail fly;
Then came the skeleton voice, again—"Drink, 'tis the cup of Hell!"——
O! the pallid lips and the glaring eyes, as old H. awoke with a yell!

A Real Blessing to Gunners.

V. F. is delighted to learn from the *Journal of Commerce*, that in Stevens's Floating Battery "not an individual employed in working the ordnance will be exposed to the slightest casualty." This *is* pleasant. The idea of shelling, drilling, and generally bedevilling, and finally sinking a hostile ship, without risk or inconvenience, comes home to the finest feelings of the human heart and renders slaughter really enjoyable.

Fragmentary.

"Some regiments of the Rebel army are Half Slaves."—*New Jersey paper.*

And, we may add, some of their officers are Quarter Masters!

"DEAL GENTLY WITH THE ERRING."

The following item, which has been on its winding way for some time, we picked up in the *Tribune* the other morning:

"A convict in the State Prison, at Auburn, has been detected in the act of manufacturing counterfeit coin in his cell. When he was arrested in the prison, a search of his trunk revealed the existence of a false bottom, under which was found a complete kit of burglar's tools, which he had made during his imprisonment."

The statement that State Prison convicts are allowed trunks in their cells, and trunks with false bottoms at that, came upon us, we must confess, somewhat in the manner of a stunner. It opened up a new system of prison discipline. We telegraphed at once to the Agent of the Prison to ascertain if the statement was true. We append that gentleman's answer:

AUBURN, STATE PRISON, Aug. 3, 1861.

MY DEAR OLD BOY:—Trunks? of course they have trunks, every one of 'em. It's a new thing. I introduced it. Have all the modern improvements, too; gas, baths, etc., in every cell. The more accomplished burglars and horse-thieves have suites of elegant apartments, fitted up with Turkey carpets, *ormolu* furniture, paintings by the old masters, and a choice library. These breakfast at 10 and dine at 6. If they have any inclination to work in the interim, the Prison account books are brought to them to look over. We find that this plan brings about a moral reform much more speedily than the old one. If you happen to be out this way, this summer, drop in and see us.

Isn't it hot?

Yours always,

KIRK.

To VANITY FAIR, ESQ.
100 Nassau St., New York.

What they all Mean.

The *Herald's* "Personal" contained the other morning, the following cabalistic paragraph:

PAUL.—HAVE BEEN VERY 2. BUT AM NOW 1, 6, 11, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. 20, 20, 21, 22. S. R. G.

"S. R. G.," might have been quite as frank but scarcely so mysterious, we think, if he had written:

PAUL.—Have been very A. S. I. N. I. N. E. but am now M. O. R. E. O. F. A. N. A. S. S. T. H. A. N. E. V. E. R.

Mess Pork.

The following is one of the headings to an article in a late number of the *Herald*, on the subject of prospects of supplies for the Southern Army:

120,000,000 POUNDS OF BACON CUT OFF BY THE WEST.

This is a large slice, indeed. Can it have any connection with the great Broil in which the *Herald* has proposed that we should involve ourselves with certain European Powers?

On a Certain Plagiaristic Journalist.

CODRUS, though jesting is his trade,
You say is dull as other folks,
And ask what *wit* he e'er displayed?
Why, this—the wit to steal his jokes!

Motto of the C. S. A. Pirates.

"A thing of booty is a joy forever!"

WHY SHOULDN'T HE?

Naive Country Girl.—VOLUNTEER, WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE THIS HAM TO MY COUSIN; HE BELONGS TO THE 21ST REGIMENT. YOU ARE FROM THE 22ND—IT IS QUITE NEAR.

Obliging Zouave.—OH YES; CERTAINLY—OF COURSE.

Classification.

Governor GAMBLE, successor to the swift JACKSON in the chief magistracy of Missouri, has issued a proclamation to the misguided men of that State who rallied round the rebel rag, promising indemnity and protection to all such as return to their allegiance.

Should any of these men decline to accept this judicious and generous offer, we propose to mark the people of Missouri by classification, thus: Let all those who have remained in, or returned to their allegiance, be classed with men, under the denomination of Missourians: but let the runaway, renegade rascals who adhere to Jumping JACKSON be placed lower than the congenial gorilla, and known, henceforth, as Missourang-Outangs.

A Nut for the Abolitionists.

The *Herald* chronicles the following circumstance, which may be classed among the many things fondly characterized by playful journalists as "singular, if true:"

"A colored girl named AMELIA STONE, twenty-four years of age, born in Geneva, N. Y., sold herself into slavery in New Orleans on the 30th ult."

This is a singular commentary upon all the works of the WENDELL PHILLIPSES, the BEECHERS and the CHEEVERS. Indeed, we may be permitted to observe that it is a complete BLACK STONE'S Commentary.

Vallandigham's Voice.

A public speaker at New Orleans declared, lately, that, "as soon as he had heard VALLANDIGHAM's voice, he felt there were many men in the North who sympathize with the cause of secession."

We can only account for the fact of VALLANDIGHAM's voice having got down so low as New Orleans, by considering it as a Base voice.

THE PETREL.

"The Confederate cutter *Petrel*, fired at the *St. Lawrence*, off Charleston, probably mistaking her for a merchant vessel. The *St. Lawrence* replied with a broadside, and cut the *Petrel* in two."—*Telegram.*

I.

O! the Petrel was a stormy bird,
A rover of the sea,
Upon the coast a freebooter,
Of second-rate degree.
Then sing the song of the Petrel,
Down, down below;
Forty fathoms down in the deep,
Where the salt flowers grow!

II.

Out from the harbor the Petrel flew
Into the Eagle's face:
The Eagle flapped his brawny wings
And sent him to his place—
O! the place for the stormy Petrel,
Down, down below;
Forty fathoms under the sea,
Where the salt flowers grow!

III.

Good Eagle! flap your wings again
Over the dashing sea:
The Petrels gather on the storm,
There's weather in your lee—
And sing the song of the Petrel,
Deep, down below;
Forty fathoms under the sea,
Where the salt flowers grow!

THE EDUCATED SOUTHERNER.

MY DEAR V. F.—I have always been told, ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper, that the Southerners far surpassed the men of the North in intelligence, refinement and education. The men of the North, I have been given to understand, were, on the contrary, low-bred pedlars, greasy mechanics and ignoramuses. A recent event strengthens me in the conviction that both the foregoing statements are strictly true. The other day a portion of the Union forces belonging to Gen. INCAPABLE PATTERSON'S column, made an irruption into the Laurel Hill Camp in Virginia. The high-toned Southern gentlemen occupying the camp at the time left—suddenly. In their flight they left behind them baggage, arms, ammunition and unfinished letters. One of these interrupted epistles was picked up by one of our volunteers, a low fellow, who formerly worked for his living, a carpenter by trade. The letter was from a Southern knight to his "ladye fair." Perhaps nothing finer, in the shape of a billet-doux, has ever been written. Nobility of soul and delicacy of sentiment are stamped in every line. Just look at it:

"i sa agen deer Melindy weer fitin for our liburtis to dew gest as we pleas, and we *wil* fite fur them so long as *goddlemity* givs us breth"

I am sure you will agree with me that the Southerners surpass us "in intelligence, refinement and education." For who among us, I should like to know, could produce anything like the beautiful composition I have quoted? Not I, surely, for I am but

AN HUMBLE "MUDSILL."

By our Army Clothier.

We all know the value of South Down Wool . . . why not acknowledge the value of Wool Down South?

Southern Summer Amusements.

Balls and Routs.

THE GREATEST VICTORY YET!

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN PUTS TO FLIGHT GENERAL INTEMPERANCE AND ARMY.

A GAME THAT TWO CAN PLAY AT.

The following, which recently appeared among the "*Answers to Correspondents*," in a Sunday paper, impressed us as being rather a good thing:

LEIGH.—"I am an ambitious young man, twenty-five years old, and feel the want of a good thorough education. Do you suppose that there are private tutors (men of culture and possessed of good practical knowledge,) available in this city who would take hold of a case like mine—of course for a consideration?" Such teachers are abundant. Advertise for one, and you will have responses from a hundred more or less capable; or, if you can afford to pay well for superior ability and greater privacy, drop a note to us, personally.

So charmed were we, in fact, with the vista thus opened to our admiring gaze, that we immediately caused some "*Answers to Correspondents*" to be inserted in VANITY FAIR, with a hope that the feature would attract favor, if not pecuniary emolument.

We were not mistaken. The subjoined notes of inquiry were the happy result, and our gratitude to the Sunday paper man for the suggestion, is unbounded. Bless you, Sunday paper man! May many fat fish come to both our nets! Now then, for our

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SMITH.—"What is the best religious paper published on this continent, and where can I get it?" . . . . I. We can unhesitatingly recommend VANITY FAIR, all of whose editors, proprietors, artists, engravers, printers and office-boys are deeply imbued with theological sentiment. II. It can be purchased of all smart newsmen, at six cents per copy.

JONES.—"I am a middle-aged gentlemen of property, but having no one to take care of my domestic affairs, lose much time and money for want of a wife. Now, how would you advise me to go to work to find a good partner for life?" . . . . Call at this office, after business hours, and for ten dollars, we will introduce and recommend you to the nicest girl you ever saw.

ROBINSON.—"I am a feeble-minded young man, and having recently come into a large fortune, would like to see a little of fast life in New York. How should I commence in order to ensure safety and pleasure?" . . . . Come to us at once. There are many who would act the part of companion for you, but for privacy, experience, and fly dodges, we are the chicken!

BROWN.—"I want a good position in a volunteer regiment . . . say a Quartermastership . . . where I can make no end of tin out of the Government. Can I obtain such a post, and if so, by what means?" . . . . There is nothing like the support of an influential journal, to encompass such ends. If you will go us halves on all you make, and no gouging, we can promise you the full influence of this unbiassed and impartial paper. We shall, however, require a small advance to bind the bargain.

JOHN.—"Can I make a good hair-dye, cheaply? What is the best instrument for a young man to play on? Where can I get a pointer-dog educated for hunting?" . . . . I. We have invented a perfect dye, the recipe for which, we will send confidentially by mail, on receipt of one dollar and a three-cent stamp. . . . II. The flute, by all means. We have a very fine old flute which we will sell you cheap, instruction-book thrown in; and for a further consideration, we can teach you the rudiments. . . . III. We are, perhaps, the most successful dog-breaker in the world, and having several leisure evenings weekly, we will undertake to train your dog. Terms, five dollars a lesson.

A. B. C.—"I wish to know the date of the first balloon-ascension, and the name of the first aeronaut. By giving me the desired information, you will confer a great favor upon a poor student." . . . . We cannot undertake to answer impertinent and useless questions.

X. Y. Z.—"Please decide the following: A. bets B. that if his grandmother had married the brother of his father's second cousin, and had male issue, one of whom should have married the widow of the said grandmother's daughter's husband's uncle, there would be no blood relation between them. The stake to be a basket of champagne." . . . . We never decide bets of drinks unless we are invited to participate. If A. and B. will come round to our office with the champagne, we will arbitrate their bet at once.

MARTHA AND MARY.—"Two poor widows would like to contribute their mite to the support of orphans whose fathers fall in the present war. Is there any way of appropriating money expressly to that object?" . . . . Yes, send it to us directly, and no questions will be asked.

⁂ We have received many more letters of inquiry, but do not consider them worth answering, as they contain nothing but scientific and statistical demands, etc., about which we know nothing. We prefer that nobody should intrude upon this department, save those who have money, and desire to get rid of it. The requirements of all such, however, shall be attended to with neatness and despatch, and in a manner, we flatter ourself, quite superior to that of any Sunday paper.

THE TWO ARMY WORMS.

BY A VOLUNTEER RETURNED WOUNDED.

I saw a slimy worm;
I saw it twist and squirm;
With many a wriggle o'er the goldening grain:
Its business was to eat
The leaflets green and sweet,
And kill the stalks that nodded o'er the plain.

I saw, with wringing hands,
The farmer o'er his lands,
Bewail the shrivel'd crop of blighted corn;
And heard him say: "By dash!
The prospect of much cash
Is getting daily more and more forlorn."

I saw a form of fear,—
They call'd him Brigadier;
On either shoulder golden swabs were shining;
Upon his breast he bore
Buttons of gold galore,
Between his legs his noble sword was twining.

I saw him frown and wink;
I saw him take a drink;
I heard him talk of dying in the breach:
And thought if red-eyed Mars
Should come down from the wars,
He'd pine with envy at that strut and speech.

I saw the leaguered mound;
I saw the balls rebound;
I heard the rattle of the iron rain;
I heard the dying moan
Of him who died alone,
No voice to cheer, no hand to soothe his pain.

I call'd, "Who here commands
These wavering, broken bands,
That fly for lack of guidance, not for fear?"
While through the cloudy smoke,
Where here and there it broke,
Gleam'd the gilt coat-tails of the Brigadier.

Amidst the blighted corn
The farmer stood forlorn,
And curs'd the worm that turn'd his gold to soot;
Then in a passion gust,
He shook it to the dust,
And ground it sternly with indignant foot.

O when, O when shall we,
With eyes delighted, see
Some high Court-Martial vigilant and firm,
In spite of interest made,
Of dicker, truck and trade,
Crush out our gilded, glorious ARMY WORM?

Forewarned—Forearmed.

The *Charleston Mercury* says:

"When Washington falls and Maryland is redeemed, let Philadelphia prepare, for this is a game of two countries."

In answer to this threat we beg leave to say, Philadelphia is prepared. Has she not PATTERSON there, and eke PLEASANTON?

Motto for the Rural Districts.

In view of the many terrible accidents that always occur at this season from the careless use of scythes and mowing machines, V. F. suggests that the following inscription be placed on all such instruments: "Remember in the hay-day of thy life that all flesh is grass."

Job for an Artesian Antiquary.

To go to Washington and dig for WELLS.

A GRUMBLER.

Sharp Boy.—NOW, LOBSTER, EF YER DON'T PAY ME FOR BLACKIN' THEM BOOTS, I'LL TELL YER WIFE ABOUT THEM GALS—A—AH!

MRS. ROSS TAKES A TRIP TO NEW HAVEN.

NEW-YORK, August 1st, 1861.

MR. VANITY:—Mis BISSEL hes carrid her pint: shes got me fixt up so I dont know myself by looks nor feelin. She wouldent a done it though, ef my son SIMON hedent a jined in, sayin when youre amongst Romans you must all in with um. So Iv fell in and fell out sence I rit ter you. Ive hed a catastrofy! Youd a guessed therd ben a dretful slaute ef youd a looked on the field. Now I dont wanter be carryin you around in doubt and wonder, jest ter git you misled, like the newspaper fokes do things; so Ile come rite ter the pint. Ide always sed Ide never wear a hoop while my name was Ross. Wal, I stood it out till tother day; and I do tell you for a sartinty it was agin my will and judgment I put on the armer. I told Mis BISSEL I was in the perdickerment of a cow with her foot tied to her horn, ter keep her frum jumpin fences. Wal, I got inter the thing and drest up ter go and see the grand regiment come inter town. Mis BISSEL was a pinnin and flowerin her face, and tuchin up her lips with a little currant juce. I stood and looked on her vain deens jest as long as I could stan it, and then I went down inter the best room ter kinder git used to my gearin. I amplified up and down from one looking glass to tother till I got ter feelin pooty well reconciled to my swing; when I heerd an organ strike up outside, and in my ferceness to see the monkey I turned of a sudden, and ketched my hoop into a stan full of all sorts of immages—there was the holy mother and the apossels, and the widder and Uncle TOBY gittin the mot out of her eye, the old woman that lived in a shoe that hed so many children she dident know what ter do, Ginrel WASHINTON himself, and a hull company of drummers and fifers—and massy! kerwhack! it come, heads legs and arms was rollin every which way. Wal, I boo-hood rite out; and that brought Mis BISSEL. Sed I, jest look at this reck of grave immages! She put up both hans, and broke out, what a pity! what a pity! the loss never can be made up. Why, these things, Mis Ross, come frum every quoter of this globe, and cost more'n a thousan dollers! I jest ontied my bunnit and went ter my charmber without sayin a blessed word, and histed inter my distention chair. I hedent more'n got fixt when Mis BISSEL come in. Sed she, hev you gin up goin? sed I; Yes, I hev, I dont wanter see nothin this day. It may be a loss that cant be kivered; Ime no immage worshipper. Jest think of the immages of our Maker, layin on the battle field,—*that* a loss that cant be made up. No; Ive got a lesson ter last me. Wal, arter a while my son come in, and he made light of the brakeage; and that was a blessed comfort ter me. Sed he, mother, you and Mis BISSEL must take a sail up the sound. It will do your narvs good, Mis BISSEL was all on a teter ter go. She said New Haven was a place ter rest. So I gin up to her, and the next day we rid down ter the boat. It was the *Continental*, and *Continental* was rit on about everything in the vessil. How that name fetched the old times back ter me that Ive heerd my granfather tell on! That shin plaster bizniss was dretful! It ruined lots of fokes. And its jest the same way the fokes are gunter be fooled on tother side of this nation is Gard House. Them bonds wont be worth a copper, SIMON says. Wal, we went ter the back part of the boat: and how smoothly we did steal away from the noise and bussel! The little boats in the water looked like geese sailin about with their ganders. It was a pooty site, and it raly done my soul good; we sot, and sot, and see the sound spread out till it seemed like a puter platter; and the sun put sich a pollish ont, and it dazzeld my eyes so, I was glad ter git inter the parler agin.

Ther was a young woman there with a baby—Ile lay a wager it was her fust—and she was tryin ter stan it on its feet. The little critter's hed went whackin from side ter side, as limpsy as a skain of silk. I told Mis BISSEL she was hurryin up the little migit so it could sarve in his war; but ef she dident want it so bow-legged it couldent pass muster she'd nuff ont better lay it down, or tie it onto a board, Injun fashon. I was jest on the pint of speakin ter the woman, but Mis BISSEL nudged me, and jest then a very peart yeller man come around playin on a tambereen and hollerin, suppers ready! sich music I never heerd drumd ter swarm a hive of bees. Mis BISSEL she hurrid me down stairs (shes alus ferce for the good things a goin,) and I must say the table was woth lookin on. Everything was as bright as silver. Ther was fish, flesh, and fowl, and berries, and sich a snappin good cup of tea I haint hed in many a day; and the butter was as sweet as a nut. Massy! sed I, lookin around and seein how comfertabel we was all sitervated, who would believe this was war times? But it is; and I thank my massiful father, I hant hed no hand ints being brung on.

Your obedient servant,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—I got a little riled, Mr. VANITY, arter Ide cum up from my tea. I sot in the parlor a lookin inter the winder ter see the injine a doin its duty as ef it was human, and bimeby some smart drest fokes come and sot down and begun to go on amongst therselves about the French Prince and his CLOTILDY—makin therselves so skerse, eatin and sleepin on ther vessel, sayin nothin to nobody, refusin ter take up quotters with Old ABE (I dont like callin the hed of the nation nicknames), and then goin to Richmond ter take counsel with JEFF. DAVIS. I begun ter git oneasy. Sed I ter Mis BISSEL, loud enough for um ter hear, *Fokes are amazin apt ter mesure other fokeses corn by their own bushel.* Mis BISSEL nudged me, and I dident say no more. Wal, we went ter the front of the boat, and there I sot a lookin inter the wotter, till we driv up to the landing. Ketch me sayin anything agin the French nation. Dident LAFFYET come ter help us fite for Independence? Theyr jest like us Yankees—they can turn ther hands to anything, and it dont hurt um. Dident JOSEPHENS gal larn dress makin, and her boy the carpenter trade? But it woodent pervent his bein an emperor; I neednt tell you that.

M. R.

"Nemo Repente Turpissimus."

BOB SAWYER to a man of law,
Repeating once the Roman saw—
"*Nemo repente*," and the rest,
Was answered thus:—"Well, I protest,
However learned your quotation,
I do not see the application."
"'Tis plain," said BOB, "to every dunce:—
No man becomes a knave at once;
In other words," continued SAWYER,
"*It takes three years to make a lawyer!*"

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Silent Woman. By the Author of "King's Cope," etc. Three English volumes in one. Boston: T. O. H. P. BURNHAM.

The Silent Woman. Here's a novelty, and oh! such a handy thing to have in the house.

The Rebellion Record. Part 4. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM, 532 BROADWAY.

The Red-eye of Battle.

Corn Whiskey.

XUM

ANECDOTES OF BULL RUN.

AT the battle of Bull Run, General ——, one of the most eminent leaders in the Rebel service, had a truly miraculous escape from death. Having been indisposed over night . . . drunk, in point of fact . . . he remained in his quarters during the entire battle. Had he taken part in it, he would have undoubtedly been killed. Such is the frail tenure by which life is held.

o°o

The tender-hearted nobility of the Rebels, about which we have heard so much, was well proven in the same engagement. Hundreds of our poor fellows who were wounded, and suffering agonies for want of water, were humanely bayonetted or trampled underfoot, in order to shorten their misery. Some, even, who were but slightly injured, were shot or stabbed, lest they might sleep uncomfortably at night on the field. This benevolent course should speedily be rewarded as it deserves.

o°o

At the time when the Federal soldiery retired from Bull Run, the Rebels were actually in hot retreat toward Manassas. The reason why they should flee from a foe, retiring, without ammunition and wearied out, has puzzled many military men in Washington and elsewhere. We are permitted to disclose the secret of this apparently causeless flight on the part of the successful army . . . they were scared.

o°o

It is now known, beyond a doubt, that our reverse on the 21st of July was within a hair's breadth of being a splendid victory. The difficulty appears to have lain principally, if not wholly, in the fact that a wrong Order was given and frequently repeated throughout the day, by a general in command of an important reserve column. This order was simply :

"Boy ; bringusumore Bran-wahr !"

o°o

Another instance of the kindness and humanity of the Rebels has just been communicated to us. When they saw our men retreating, the Black Horse Cavalry followed the Fire Zouaves, and observing that the poor fellows looked quite exhausted, hastened . . . many of them with the utmost rapidity . . . to dismount, in order that their horses might be at the service of the Zouaves. This proffered advantage was too generous and delicate to be refused.

o°o

A curious manœuvre was executed, toward the close of the battle, by a company of South Carolina infantry. They advanced to charge one of our batteries, but when within a few rods, the guns were discharged. The entire company not only halted on their charge, but instantly flew into the air and disappeared with wonderful precision. This is, perhaps, the most trying movement a soldier can be called upon to execute.

o°o

In conversation with a military friend, Dr. TYNG lately repeated the statement made in his sermon . . . that the battle had been lost because it was fought on Sunday.

"But," said Col. ——, "it was won by the Rebels. Wasn't it just as wrong for them as for us?"

"Hm ;" said Dr. TYNG, "I didn't think of that."

Give 'em some more.

Who says the Rebels are an irresponsible set? Look at the Heavy Charges we gave them at Bull Run!

A WORD TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE NEW JERSEY RAILROAD COMPANY.

You have a conductor on your road who is unfit for his position, and if you now retain him you are unfit to hold your office.

We will tell you who he is : he is the individual who had charge of your night train from New Brunswick, which left Philadelphia on Monday, July 29, at 2 A. M., (detained at Philadelphia from Sunday night 28, 11½ P. M.) His name we do not know, if we did we would let you and the public know it.

Upon this train were some soldiers returning from the war ; among them there was one, a German, wounded and travail sore, with a pass of the Camden and Amboy Railroad in his pocket. Ignorant as he was of the nice distinction which you have of making the terminus of the C. & A. Railroad by Rail, at New Brunswick, while by Rail and Boat it is at New York, he embarked on this train at 2 A. M., anxious to get home to his family to be taken care of, and perhaps return to fight again for his adopted country, presuming that the pass given him in good faith to take him to New York would carry him there.

You will not deny it was a valid receipt given by you to the government that he was to be taken to New York. You will no doubt get for it the consideration at the proper time. We'll trust you that far, anyhow.

At New Brunswick, this "gentlemanly conductor," (is this not the stereotyped phrase?) took charge of the train. The pass was duly shown, and the man informed, "It had run out, and he must pay seventy-five cents to go on."

The nice distinction here came into play, but the Teuton who knew enough to fight your battles, was too ignorant to comprehend it.

To the further demand for the money, he then answered, he had none. It was apparent even to the "gentlemanly conductor" that he spoke the truth. Well, what followed. Did he put him out? No. Did he quietly pass him by, and so, knowing the facts, spare the feelings of the man? Not exactly. It was too good an opportunity to lose, when one was so overcharged with malignity and impertinence. Your "gentlemanly conductor" observed, "Then you're a pauper, are you?" "Yes," said the man, "I am a pauper!"

He had shouldered his musket among the first of the braves that responded to the call of the country. He had trailed his blood from the battle-field to within thirty miles of his home. He was weak, weary, poor, a stranger, physically incapacitated from resenting an insult, and for all this the low-bred cur whom you help to feed, and who is doubtless too much of a poltroon to fight his country's battles unless he was whipped into the ranks, has the insolence and cowardice to call him A PAUPER !

It is about time there was a little reformation made on this road. Of the class, generally they seem to be courteous to the traveller, (waiving the fact, that in their self-importance they occasionally forget they are the servants of the public and not the masters,) and therefore the greater necessity, that when an ignorant, impudent, low-bred fellow is by some accident, as is doubtless the case here, smuggled into their ranks he should be promptly discharged, and as far as it is possible to purify such a corporation, so have it purified.

An Acrostic Portrait.

Scoundrels cased in triple brass,
Experts of the swindler class,
Chivalry, so falsely named,
Executioners of the maimed,
Smotherers of Freedom's fires,
Scoffers at the Nation's sires,
Imbeciles—a nose-led crew,
Oily Gammons not a few,
Noisy, whiskey-tippling knaves,
Idlers, gamblers, passion's slaves,
Scamps whom Satan greatly craves,
These—the single word fits all,
Secessionists we briefly call.

The August Turn-About.

'Tis now the season when we range,
With watering-place infatuation,
To seashore haunts and springs ; 'tis strange,
Some go to Dissipate their Change
And some to Change their Dissipation !

A Shot into the Camp.

The rebels are said to be throwing up fortifications on Musquito Point. Preparing for Fly time, we suppose.